

BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

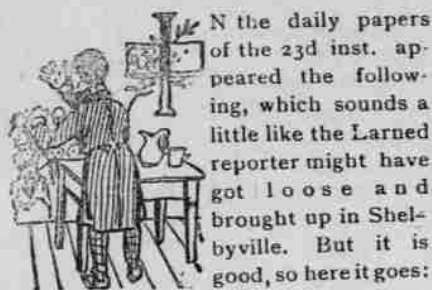
VOLUME XIV.

GREAT BEND, KANSAS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1897.

NUMBER 41.

BEGGED FOR LIFE.

Saloon Raiders Confronted With a Keg of Powder.



Shelbyville, Ind., Dec. 22.—Andrew Shelby owns a quartshop in Maxville, Hancock county. Shelby is better known in his town as "Shellbark." His groggery has been an eyesore to the prohibitionists of the town for many years, and various plans have often been discussed how best to get rid of it.

A few nights ago a party of seven young men destroyed the furniture and fixtures of a shop in Fountaintown, ten miles from Maxwell, and poured the proprietor's liquors into the streets. They escaped punishment for their riotous conduct with fines of \$18 each.

The good people of Maxwell thought this would be a good way to rid the town of "Shellbark" and his "corn hollow."

They agreed they would visit his place at 9 o'clock last night, offer a prayer and then demolish the saloon and contents.

"Shellbark," however, got wind of what was going on, and prepared to receive his visitors when they should come. He procured a six gallon keg of powder and a long rod of iron. The latter he stuck into the stove to heat. Then he sat down to await developments.

At the hour appointed by the "committee," "Shellbark" heard an unfamiliar knock on his back door. He boldly flung it open and bade his visitor's enter.

In marched ten men who were his known enemies. They walked to the bar, where the programme was started with prayer. This was followed by the leader stating their mission. At the close of his remarks "Shellbark" was asked if he had anything to say, and, climbing onto a stool, the proprietor of the place, in a cool and collected manner, addressed his visitors as follows:

"Gentlemen, you will no doubt be surprised when I state to you that I knew of your coming to my place this evening and that I had decided to give you a warm and hearty reception. I know that my business is looked upon as a degraded one, but, I am unable to do hard work; in fact, since returning from the war, where I served four years for my country, my health has been bad and is constantly growing worse. I realize that my days on earth are but few at best, and I have decided to end them tonight. After I am gone, if any of you are left to tell the story of your visit here, please give my love to my friends and see that my grave is kept green."

At this juncture "Shellbark" stepped from the stool, went to the doors of the room, locked them and placed the keys in his pockets. He then went behind the bar, placed the keg of powder on top of the same, removed the bung from the keg, purposely allowing some of the powder to spill upon the floor in front of the amazed visitors, and then walking to the stove removed the heated poker therefrom and returned to a position behind the bar, when he again delivered himself of a few words. He said:

"Now, gentlemen, this is the plan I have adopted to journey to that bourne from whence no weary soldier ever returns. If you have anything to say, please be in a hurry about it, as it is growing late and time is precious, you know."

The men were terror-stricken. Finally the smallest man in the party edged himself from behind the stove, and, walking in front of the bar, began relating in a squeaky voice how sorry he was that he had been induced to come to the saloon; that he had a wife and several children dependent upon him; he knew that if Mr. Shelby touched off the powder he would never see them again, and wound up by paying a nice tribute to Shelby as a man who had fought and bled for his country, which none of those present had done, and said he was too good a man to end his life in the manner he was about to

employ. Exhausted, the little man sat down, when "Shellbark" said:

"All of you who approve of what the gentleman has just said, please hold up your right hands."

Quicker than a flash up went the hands of the ten men present.

"All you who are in favor of 'Old Shellbark' remaining on earth and running a grogshop, please say 'Aye.'"

From the throats of the visitors came "Aye."

"Now, gentlemen," said Shelby, "you will please step up to this bar and take a drink with me, after which I will unlock my doors and allow you to return to your families."

The frightened men, all of whom are strictly temperate, then came forward and partook of a glass of "Shellbark's" "corn hollow" and were permitted to leave. On reaching the street, they separated without saying a word and made for their respective homes, while "Old Shellbark" hastily exclaimed after them:

"Boys, don't forget my number."

Mixed Maxims.

Carolyn Wells in the Chap-Book.

Virtus is its only reward.

The wages of sin is debt.

Policy is the best honesty.

Many hands like light work.

Osculation is the thief of time.

A pitch in time saved the nine.

A bird in the hand lays no eggs.

Every dogma must have its day.

The woman who collaborates is lost.

It is not good for men to give a loan.

Never put a gift cigar in your mouth.

Chain up a child and away he will go.

The rolling stone catches the worm.

A thirsty man will catch at a straw.

Straws show which way the gin goes.

"Heaven lies about us in our fancy."

The lack of money is the root of all evil.

A man is known by the trumpery he keeps.

All that a man hath will be given to his wife.

It's a wise child that owns his own father.

Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder.

Where wisdom is bliss 'tis folly to be ignorant.

The course of free love never did run smooth.

and this world lies about us when we are grown up.

Modern Proverbs.

The doctor is often more dangerous than the disease.

No man ever respects a woman who does not respect herself.

Remorse and economy are always faithful followers of the races.

Surgeons always make out their bills according to the cut rate schedule.

There is no duty on the wool the candidate pulls over the eyes of the voters.

How the weeds would laugh if the farmers were to strike for eight hours a day.

Some people keep such a close lookout for the devil that they fail to see the Lord.

It is said that matrimony ends a woman's existence; but the man who acts as a motor for a baby carriage is still in the push.

Whenever you see a girl giggling in church, you may bet your bottom dollar that she has got a hole in her stocking, for such girls are not worth a darn.

Topics for Week of Prayer.

Sunday evening, Jan. 2—at M. E. church, "Sabbath Observation," by Rev. J. C. Berger.

Monday evening—at M. E. church, "Church Universal," by Rev. L. C. Schnache.

Tuesday evening—at Congregation al church, "Temperance," by Rev. A. J. Bixler.

Wednesday evening—at Congregation al church, "Home Religion," by Rev. J. C. Berger.

Thursday evening—at Presbyterian church, "Missions," by Rev. L. C. Schnache.

Friday evening—at Presbyterian church, "Christian Living," by Rev. A. J. Bixler.

ATTEND THE SQUARE INCH Dress Cutting School, second door south of M. E. church.

Mrs. ETTA CHAPMAN, Teacher.

Having gone to Chicago to take a special course of about four weeks, in the hospitals there, I would like to say to my patrons that during this time my accounts will be with C. A. Hooper, to whom payment may be made.

Dr. F. L. HART.

Neu-Jahrs Gruss!

Der Demokrat ruft aus Herzens grunde!

Ein Prost! Neu-Jahr, Euch froh entgegen.

Nöget Ihr doch eine frohe Stunde;

Dst mit mir zu Hause pflegen,

Kom' als Gast in Euer Haus,

Raste nicht, Woch ein, Woch aus,

Auch findet Ihr in meinen Spalten,

Teure Berichte von jung und Alten.

Gern zwei und fünfzig mal im Jahr'

Nützig, wie Euch wohl bekannt

Erstlich mit Neuigkeiten Euch auf's Haar

Auch Dich'er werd ich oft genannt!—

Trüben so wie im Kansas Land.

Beweis mir einmal wie lieb Du mich hast,

Ein Dollar im voraus, und ich bin Dein Gast

Nicht warten nicht wacheln, nicht zittern und zagen

Dein Namen und ein Dollar kannst Du schon

wagen?

Der Demokrat.

LOCAL HAPPENING.

To one and all a Happy New Year.

See change in the Great Bend Fuel Co. ad.

H. A. Cheney is home for the holiday week.

Hoisington schools have but one week holiday vacation.

Ellinwood has a masque ball on Friday evening, the 31st.

Mabel Brinkman went to Abilene, Monday, to visit with friends.

Jimmie Hayze, son of N. S., came in from the east Saturday night.

Henry Giddings was home to eat Christmas turkey with the old folks.

Linn Dalziel came out last week to visit the old folks and many friends here and in Claflin.

Friday night is the time for the regular monthly meeting of the Great Bend Fire Department.

Morrell Norton came down from Pueblo last week, to spend the holidays with relatives in this county.

Miss Kittie Davine, who is attending school at Wichita, came up to spend the holidays with her parents.

Found—A purse containing a sum of money. Owner may have same by calling and describing property.

Notice program for the week of prayer, to begin at the M. E. church Sabbath evening January the 2d.

The Claflin Banner, not to be behind its more pretentious neighbors, got out a neat, two page supplement last week.

Claud Kackley came up from Kansas City, Kansas, to put in a part of the holiday season with near, and dear, friends here.

Thomas H. Reynolds, of Kansas City, was home for Xmas, and shook a nimble foot at the K. of P. masquerade Saturday night.

The man, woman or child who was on the streets last Friday without a package under his, her, or its arm, was out of luck.

There'll be "music in the air" for the man, woman or child who has No. 1033. Ed Marx of the Cyclone, will tell you about it.

Ed Allison left Friday morning of last week, to spend the holidays at the old home in Chicago. He will be away probably 20 days.

Geo. Moore, late of Ellinwood, is the new cashier at the Santa Fe station at Great Bend, in place of W. P. Feder, resigned.

Jim Long, who is now a Wichita laundryman with a prosperous business, came up to make his usual holiday visit to the folks here last week.

Will Martin was out from the State Grain Inspector's office, at Kansas City, Kans., to spend the holidays with his folks in this county.

Fred Miller has sold out his interest in the Great Bend Implement Co., and is now a man of leisure. Fred keeps himself out of mischief this winter by watching his bees to see that they get through alright.

Milton McGreevy, who has been in the southern states for a year or more,

came home last week to spend the holidays with relatives and friends in this county.

Will Boughan was home from Kansas City, for the holidays.

Walter McCray went home, to Elk county, to spend the holidays.

Probate Judge Breeden and family spent Xmas with relatives and friends in Claflin.

W. F. Putnam was down from McCracken to eat Christmas turkey with the family.

George Whitcomb, who has been in Kansas City for some time, spent Christmas here.

Thomas W. Shaughnessy, of this office, spent Christmas day with friends at Strong City.

R. E. Shaw and family arrived from the east Friday night, to spend Christmas with friends here.

Henry Miller was in, from near Heizer, Friday, to get the Hick's Almanac with his DEMOCRAT.

Will Sloniger and wife came up from Marion, Thursday to spend Christmas with the old folks.

Phil and Charley Markey went down to Wichita Friday evening to eat Christmas dinner with the old folks.

Mrs. Cora B. Anderson, daughter of Mrs. L. E. Flint, of the south side, came up from Oklahoma last week for a holiday visit.

Harry Brooker and wife, and their two interesting little girls, came up from Hutchinson Monday, to make a few days' visit with Charlie Dodge's.

Rev. B. P. Unruh, of Pawnee Rock, was doing business in Great Bend, Monday, and part of that business was to order the weekly visits of this paper for 1898.

In Douglas county a cow thief got 20 years in the penitentiary, while an every day plug of a murderer, gets from 1 to 5 years. Cause: Good cows and bad citizens.

Jim Welsh, of "over on the creek" was a caller Monday. Jim got a copy of that valuable book on "The Kansas Steer and His Sister," and sent it to a Wisconsin friend.

It is said the Wells Fargo express Co. is going to uniform their messengers in white duck. Train robbers can then more easily convert them into dead ducks.

S. A. Young was down from Timkin last week, to eat Xmas goodies with relatives in Great Bend. The DEMOCRAT will keep him posted on Barton county affairs hereafter.

I wish to give notice that I will not be responsible for any more debts contracted anywhere in the United States by my wife, Mrs. Maesy Gracie, unless I sign my name to the contract.

GEORGE GRACIE.

When a certain General was camping on the lower Mississippi, his negro boy, Harry, was one day asked by a friend whether the General was not terribly annoyed by mosquitoes.

"No, sah," said Harry, "in the evening 'Mars' George is so 'toxicated he don't mind the skeeters, and in the mornin' the skeeters is so 'toxicated they don't mind 'Mars' George."—Argonaut.

Blank receipt books, chattel mortgages bills of sale, notes, farm leases and a full line of justice of the peace blanks, for sale at the DEMOCRAT office.

I intend to leave Great Bend Jan. 1, 1898, to be absent for several months. I desire all persons indebted to me to call and settle by Dec. 15. Do not neglect this.

S. J. SHAW, M. D.

The McCray band boys evidently thought spring had come, Gentle Annie, last Monday night. They got out on the streets and gave the evening promenaders an elegant serenade.

John Clapper, one of the industrious and reliable farmers of near Heizer, was looking after business matters in town last Monday. Mr. Clapper is one of our old and substantial friends, and it is a pleasure to receive a call from him.

The mail clerks and express messengers are glad that Christmas is over. All agree that, in this part of the country at least, the number of packages handled was much in excess of what it has been for a number of years.

The Bible story of the fall has been often quoted to the discredit of Eve's sex, but the Rev. M. Guy Pearce says the devil did not give the apple to the man, but to the woman, because he knew that the man would have eaten it all himself, but that the woman would go halves.

Christmas greetings, personally delivered by C. L. Hobart, city editor of the Newton Daily Kansan, helped to enliven the DEMOCRAT office Saturday. Charlie was up to spend the day in town, but of course could not waste much of his time in the printing offices—there were other waist places more attractive—and remembering that we was young once, something less than a hundred years ago, we cannot lay up anything "agin 'im" for not tarrying longer with us.

When a man drops a piece of meat on the floor, may be he will either give it a kick or pick it up and lay it to one side. He will never eat it. But let him drop his plug of tobacco on the street, and, no difference how dirty the street may be, he will pick it up, give it a careless wipe on his coat sleeve or the bosom of his pants, and then take a big chew from it with a keener relish than ever. That is the kind of a vitrified brick man is.—Greensburg Tribune.

The K. of P. masque ball, Christmas night, at the A. O. U. W. hall, was an all right success, in point of numbers and gate receipts. Almost every character imaginable was represented, the costumes of some of the ladies being most elegant. By general consent the best and most realistic character represented was the "Weary Willie." He kept everybody guessing as to whether or not some mistake had been made, and a real tramp admitted. Charlie Allen was the originator, progenitor and demonstrator of "Weary Willie."

"Before the steward takes up the collection," said a preacher the other night in an Ohio town, "I wish to make a few remarks. There are over 200 persons in this house, counting sinners and saints, big and little, male and female, and including the crying babies. If each person here thinks the sermon worth the price of a beer or a 10 cent cigar, five cents or a dime, let him pay that amount. If each one pays a nickel it will make a total of \$10 this evening. This repeated every week in the year will pay my salary. A sermon that isn't worth a nickel isn't worth coming to hear, and the person who will beat the Lord, the preacher or the printer is a goat of the most odiferous kind."

S. M. Smith, of the south part of town, was down into Oklahoma for the past six weeks returning Friday. He saw a number of the "formerly from Barton" people down there. Says Charlie King has one of the finest farms in Oklahoma, with a nice young orchard, and other modern improvements. Mr. Smith brought some photographs back with him, one of which shows Charlie's home with him self, wife and over a half dozen of their children—but not all of them. Among others of our friends he saw who are doing well, are Jake Stauffer, W. T. Russell, Mrs. Anna Lee, Jim Kershaw, C. L. Dawson and S. Tullis. Mr. Smith was in Oklahoma in the interests of a Sedgwick Nursery, and found lots of the settlers with young orchards started.

WANTED—A girl for general house work.

Mrs. E. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

A TIMELY ACROSTIC.

There's a medicine here given,
And no man should be without it.
Kindly try it, for 'tis written
Everybody knows about it.

'Tis good for "that tired feeling,"
Happy thoughts thro' it appealing,
Every little joy revealing.

Darkest hours it helps to brighten;
Every care for you 'twill lighten;
Morning, noon and night it pleases;
O, it's fame floats on the breeze!
Can you guess, from this description
Rare, the name of the prescription?
A print-shop is the place you buy it.
Turn in a dollar a year, and try it.

"A BAD burst" is the way the daily papers announce the bursting of the Chestnut Street National Bank, of Philadelphia, Pa., on the 23d. The big bank fails for \$4,000,000—the biggest failure in years. Another evidence of a returning prosperity, hey? Pennsylvania gave an enormous majority for the present gold-standard administration. Retribution is sure.

MONEY was never as plentiful in Barton county as at present. The banks are running over with it and cannot keep it out on interest. It is safe to say that anyone furnishing proper security could borrow half a million dollars from the banks of this county today. The wheat crop is entitled to a good deal of credit but not sell by a long ways. The cattle interests of this county are immense and the cow and chickens have been keeping the farmers from running accounts at the store. The General has come our way and here's hoping he has come to stay.—Hoisington Dispatch.

A RICH scandal is being unearthed at the state house. The state treasury was looted for thousands of dollars during the Morrill administration by thieving contractors and rascally officials. Work was paid for which was never done. Vouchers show the payment. The building itself convicts the hoodlars. The republicans are today having much sport over the deficit in the state treasury, but if the treasurer had the money which the republicans stole he might pay some of the warrants which now go unpaid "for want of funds." The frauds are so gross that as soon as the investigation is complete, arrests will be made and the hoodlars brought into court. Evidence is already ample. It is now only a question of to what extent the "business administration" carried these steals.—Lawrence Gazette.

THE Edina Sun has the following address to business men: "If you expect to conquer in the battle of today, you will have to blow your trumpet in a firm and steady way. If you toot your little whistle and lay aside your horn, there's not a soul will know that such a man was ever born. The man that owns his acres is 'the man that plows all day, and the man that keeps a humming is the man that's here to stay. But the man who advertises with a sort of sudden jerk is the man who blames the printer because it didn't work. The man who gets the business uses brainy printer's ink, not a clanker or a sputter, but an ad. that makes you think; and he plans his advertisements as he plans his well-built stock, and the future of his business is as solid as a rock."

New Year's Services.

At the Presbyterian church on Sabbath. In the morning: New Year's Greetings by Pastor and sermon on "Retrospective and Prospective View," Phil. 3:13.

Sabbath school and Jr. Endeavor as usual, Senior Endeavor, union Meeting in the M. E. church at 6:30. Union preaching services in the M. E. church at 7:40. Topic: "Sabbath Observance."

You are cordially invited to worship with us. Special music for occasion.

J. C. BERGER, Pastor.

School Report.

Following is the school report of Dist. No. 31, Cheyenne township, for the month ending Dec. 24, 1897:

No. Males enrolled.....8.
No. Females enrolled.....3.
Total enrollment.....11.
No. entered during month.....3.
No. of days taught.....20.
Those perfect in deportment are Frank and Robbie Lang, John Kessler, Phedail Schmidt, Bessie Uden and Grace Lewis.

Patrons and friends are cordially invited to visit us.

JOSEPH X. SMITH, Teacher.